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The MASSES

Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

"THE BUM" A POEM BY GIOVANNITTI, IN THIS NUMBER

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THIS magazine is a success. Thanks to the cordial enthusiasm of those who liked the December number, and the equally cordial denunciation of those who did not, we are no longer in doubt. Our appeal for a loan was very nearly met by voluntary subscriptions, and the contributing editors made up the remainder among themselves. We extend our thanks to those who believed in us, and were willing to take a chance in a good cause. Their loan will be repaid out of 20 per cent. of the first returns of the magazine.

The legal reorganization of the company is not quite completed and we have to print this month the former list of stockholders. But the magazine will belong to its editors and be published by them as a co-operative enterprise.

A revolutionary and not a reform magazine; a magazine with no dividends to pay; a free magazine; frank, arrogant, impertinent, searching for the true causes; a magazine directed against rigidity and dogma wherever it is found; printing what is too naked or true for a money-making press; a magazine whose final policy is to do as it pleases and conciliate nobody, not even its readers—there is room for this publication in America. The reception of our December number proves that there is.

We quote from a letter of William Marion Reedy, the editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, this word of appreciation:

"I was delighted with the new MASSES. Its artistic quality, combining grace with vigor and with purposefulness, caught me at once. It struck me as being something new in America, and in line with the artistic journals of progressive thought on the continent of Europe. The publication should make an irresistible appeal to the people of intellectuality and taste. It deserves success, speaking solely from the standpoint of its æsthetics and without regard at all to its peculiar ethic, with which, at its extreme, I am not quite in sympathy. I shall be glad to do what I can to help it along."

We quote this in full, because it proves we have made our appeal to persons who do not accept the revolutionary principle. To those who do, we have made perhaps a stronger appeal, and we quote from the New York *Call* an example of their welcome:

"Der Wahre Jacob does the light and rapid skirmishing that prepares the way for the heavier fighting of the other German Socialist periodicals. It rips and tears, sometimes; usually it stings and goads. We have nothing like it, and yet we have in this country satirical writers who are matchless, and we have artists who are in the highest class. If the MASSES is able to follow out its announced policy of giving us a humorous publication, one that combines wit and humor, art and satire, we shall all throw up our hats in glee. That is what is wanted, and the whole of society is the legitimate object of their shafts. We want more publications and we want a humorous publication above all things. It will gladden our hearts, arouse our humanity, stir up our sense of fun, and impel us to sally forth and knock the stuffings out of those who try to stay the march of progress."

So much for the help and welcome we have received. What we want for the future is *new subscribers*.

Are you a regular subscriber? If you are, please observe that this magazine is Number 20, and your subscription expires (or did expire) with the number printed on your mailing label. If it has expired, or is about to expire, renew it now upon the blank that accompanies this number. If it has not expired, why not sign a friend's name to the blank, send us one dollar, and give him the magazine for a Christmas present? Our future depends upon your passing us along.

Are you a casual reader? If you are, will you give us your attention and your support for one year. This is the year that we need it. Send us your name and address with one dollar, and we will understand what you mean.

Are you a newsdealer? We will give you 25 per cent. of every annual subscription you secure us. Help us and help yourself.

Drawn by Arthur Young.

TOM MANN'S ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS

FOR WHICH HE WAS IMPRISONED

MEN! Comrades! Brothers!

You are in the army.

So are we. You, in the army of Destruction. We, in the Industrial, or army of Construction.

We work at mine, mill, forge, factory, or dock, producing and transporting all the goods, clothing and stuffs which make it possible for people to live.

You are workingmen's sons.

When we go on strike to better our lot, which is the lot also of your fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, you are called upon by your officers to murder us.

Don't do it!

You know how it happens. Always has happened. We stand out as long as we can. Then one of our and your irresponsible brothers, ogaded by the sight and thought of his own and his loved ones' misery and hunger, commits a crime on property. Immediately you are ordered to murder us, as you did at Mitchellstown, Featherstone, at Belfast.

Don't you know that when you are out of the colors and become a "civy" again, you, like us, will be liable to be murdered by other soldiers?

Boys, don't do it!

"Thou shalt not kill," says the Book.

It does not say, "Unless you have a uniform on."

No! Murder is murder, whether committed in the heat of anger on one who has wronged a loved one, or by pipe-clayed Tommies with rifles.

Boys, don't do it!

Act the man! Act the brother! Act the human being!

Property can be replaced. Human life, never!

The idle rich class, who own and order you about, own and order us about also. They and their friends own the land and means of life in Britain.

You don't. We don't.

When we kick, they order you to murder us.

When you kick, you get court-martialled and cells.

Your fight is our fight. Instead of fighting against one another, we should be fighting with one another.

Out of our loins, our lives, our homes you come.

Don't disgrace your parents, your class, by being the willing tools any longer of the master class.

You, like us, are of the same class. When we rise, you rise; when we fall, even by your bullets, ye fall also.

England, with its fertile valleys and dells, its mineral resources, its sea harvests, is the heritage of ages to us.

You, no doubt, joined the army out of poverty.

We work many hours for small wages at hard work because of our poverty. And both your poverty and ours arises from the fact that Britain, with its resources, belongs to only a few people. These few, owning Britain, own our jobs. Owning our jobs, they own our very lives. Comrades, have we called in vain? Think things out, and refuse any longer to murder your kindred. Help us to win back Britain for the British and the world for the workers!

Drawn by John Sloan

"Political Action"

THE MASSES

VOL. IV. NO. IV. JANUARY, 1913 ISSUE NUMBER 20

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

By Max Eastman

"POLITICAL Action *versus* Direct Action" is a foolish expression born of the dogmatic mode of thinking. Direct action means strikes and all that they involve. As a method of social revolution, it means large strikes, including the possibility of a class strike in a nation-wide crisis.

"Political Action" means campaigning and voting. As a method of social revolution, it means class-conscious voting, including the possibility of a complete expropriation of capitalists by an unpropertied majority.

"*Versus*" means opposed to.

So far from being *opposed to* each other, political action and direct action always have, and always will accompany each other.

"Which is the correct method?" This question cannot be answered, because both of them are correct methods. Adopting a strong, positive attitude toward one, does not involve adopting a negative attitude toward the other. Throwing your heart and strength into one, does not involve a repudiation of those whose heart and strength are in the other. The incorrect method is that of the man who adopts one, and then spends his time and energy denouncing the other.

Which is the more important method?—This too is a dogmatist's question. It cannot be answered in general, because now one and now the other is more important. All these questions of method are to be answered differently at different times, at different places, in different circumstances. They are forever new questions, arising in new conditions, and depending for a correct answer upon our exercise of a free and intelligent judgment. Therefore, the one thing continually important is that we keep our judgment free. Tie up to no dogma whatever.

These observations are suggested by John Sloan's picture. It is a picture, drawn with the artist's license, of events at polling-places in the twelfth congressional district of New York. That was where Meyer London, the Socialist, got within a few hundred votes of United States Congress. It is a matter of public rumor that he was deprived of legitimate ballots by methods of the kind indicated. But John Sloan was, or tried to be, a watcher at these polls, and his verdict is a good deal better than a rumor. It is both an actual and a symbolic portrayal of one thing that may happen when political action alone is resorted to for an attack upon private capital.

Jack Ketchel could fight out of his class because he swung both arms at once. He never spent any time arguing with himself about which one to swing first. He just walked through. We recommend his example to the revolutionary movement.

Illustrations by John Sloan

WISCONSIN is the fountain source of Progressivism. It is the scene of the chief political success of Socialism. It is noted for the most advanced type of public education.

Michigan is the fountain source of nothing but the Roosevelt boom. It is behind New Jersey in Socialist politics. It is noted chiefly for scab-made furniture and Ty Cobb.

Nevertheless Michigan voted even on Woman Suffrage, and Wisconsin went against it more than two to one.

I do not bring this forward in proof of the fact that sex equality is a question by itself, because to me the fact needed no proof. I merely point to it as an illustration. "Advanced education" does not include it. Progressivism does not include it. Socialism does not include it. Let us honestly admit this. The question of sex equality, the economic, social, political independence of woman stands by itself, parallel and equal in importance to any other question of the day. The awakening and liberation of woman is a revolution in the very process of life. It is not an event in any class or an issue between classes. It is an issue for all humanity. It is not an event in history. It is an event in biology. The race that shall fight the struggles of life in the future depends for its heredity upon the accomplishment of this change. It will be a heroic race only if it has the twofold inheritance of independent virtue and true knowledge that this change portends.

Saint-Simon, Fourier, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels were men who grasped the real origin and damning effect of the subjection of women and stood for the revolution that is now on. Almost from the first use of the word Socialism the freedom of woman has been united with it; and because of the size of those men's minds the liberation of woman has been demanded by the platform of the International party. Socialists may well congratulate themselves upon that. But they need not pretend that for this reason woman's freedom is subordinate to, or logically included in, their political success. Let the Wisconsin vote teach them that it is not. Members of the Socialist party in America, on the whole, have been like every other group of sexually selfish men. None of them got up and actively went into the suffrage propaganda until after they saw that suffrage was coming, and they would soon have to be asking for women's votes. Then they became ardent over this plank in their platform, which was not due to them at all, but only to the men that are gone, and they decided they could even afford to join the suffragists of all classes in their fight for political liberty. Up to that time they stood solid behind the declaration of the Stuttgart Congress that "the Socialist women should not carry on this struggle for complete equality of right of vote in alliance with the middle class women suffragists, but in common with the Socialist parties, which insist upon woman suffrage as one of the fundamental and most important *reforms*," etc.—a declaration in flat contradiction of the established policy of the International upon all other matters, which is *to join with the bourgoisie in their fight for a universal franchise wherever the political revolution is not completely accomplished.*

In other words, they stood for sex equality, not fightingly as they stood for masculine democracy, because they felt the great possibility and the great principle, but passively and tamely, because it had been written into their platform by greater men than they. Every Socialist must know in his heart that this is the true history of the matter, and therefore we merely point to the Wisconsin vote as an illustration. Sex equality is a question by itself. Answer it.

WE said last month that there was no real issue among the big parties, that upper class politics in America is pure sport. We said this in the heat of the campaign, and we do not hold anyone responsible for it. Only we wish to point out that such statements are not accurately true. There was a real issue between Taft and Wilson on the one side and Roosevelt on the other. It was more of an issue than has been to the front in American politics for a long time. It was a conflict of two economic theories. The question was: What shall the capitalists do about monopoly? Shall they through their government try to destroy monopolies and restore free competition? Or shall they accept monopolies as inevitable, regulate them, supervise them, and ultimately adopt them into the government and run them for the good of the capitalist class as a whole, with incidental benefits to the working people?

That, as near as I can tell it, was the issue between the big parties. And speaking theoretically, the nation declared for free competition by electing Woodrow Wilson. As we know that free competition is dead, however, that declaration on the part of the nation was not very significant. It was only a matter of saying a good word for the departed. We do not want anybody to take it too seriously, but we do want to point out to those Socialists who were carried away as we were by the heat of the campaign, that whatever may have been the attitude of the politicians, hundreds of thousands of citizens in this country voted honestly and earnestly upon the question: What are capitalists going to do about monopoly?

As a matter of fact, I do not believe a majority of

the nation ever declared for free competition. I divide the vote that elected Wilson into three large classes. In the largest class I put the Democrats who voted straight just because they voted straight. They voted for Woodrow Wilson because Thomas Jefferson was

a great and talented gentleman. In the next largest class I put the small business men who are fools enough to think that free competition can be restored, and a Democrat government is going to restore it. In the third class I put the big business men, who are smart enough to know that competition can not be restored, and a Democrat government will only pretend to restore it.

Many of those small business men will discover the folly of a legal pretense at competition, and come gradually over into the party that advocates regulation. Some of the big business men, too, will weary of the bother that attends a policy of public pretense, and decide that inasmuch as they pretty well regulate the government they may as well let the government regulate them. That is to say, with increasing numbers all kinds of business men will come round to the programme of progressive capitalism.

There is success in the future for the Progressive Party. Government ownership of the trusts is going to be advocated by the trusts that own the government pretty soon. And nothing could be more dangerously foolish than the statement of many Socialist campaigners that the Progressive Party is a mere flash in the pan, and will go up in smoke after this election. The Progressive platform—government control, with labor reform on the side—is the next step in the evolution of Capitalism. And the party that advocates this platform is to become the chief enemy of those who demand a genuine industrial democracy such as can be inaugurated by a united struggle of the unprivileged and by that means alone.

We do not mean that the Progressive Party is an enemy in that its measures if adopted will retard the progress of the social revolution. Quite the contrary. The more government ownership they introduce the better we like it; the more labor legislation, the better we like it—only provided there is enough clear thought and independent volition in the Socialist movement to keep clear the issue between us. The Progressive Party is the chief enemy because it will appear to be fighting with us. Some of its future members are in our own ranks. We must fight them back on their own side, fight the Progressive Party so hard that nobody will ever be in the slightest degree confused about the difference between us.

We intend a social revolution, to be accomplished by a class-conscious struggle against capital and privilege. They intend a social amelioration to be accomplished by the enlightened self-interest of the privileged, combined with a little altruism and a great deal of altruistic oratory. Essentially they represent the *enlightened* self-interest of capitalists. We represent the *enlightened* self-interest of the workers, and the fight goes on.

Now, when Socialists say, "Oh, the Progressive Party is a mere flash in the pan—it will go up in smoke," they show that they are afraid of the Progressive Party. They are afraid that it will somehow crowd out, or eat up, the Socialist movement. And when they stand up with their fists in their eyes and complain that "Teddy stole all the planks out of our platform!" they show again that they are afraid of the Progressive Party. They are afraid that the Bull Moose will swallow them up. And I really think he will. I think the Bull Moose will swallow up every member of the Socialist Party who cannot see the difference between a working-class revolution and the evolution of state ownership and industrial efficiency within the capitalist class.

The advent of this state-capitalist-welfare-workers' party in the political arena will be the best thing that ever happened to Socialism in America. It will purge the Socialist party of sympathizers. And if those of us who are left will only stand up to our faith with courage and with clear heads, we will have a line drawn in this country between the party of the people and the parties of the people's money, sixty-five times as quick as we would have if the Bull Moose had never come out of the woods.

RIGHT in the midst of our excitement over the campaign arrived a cablegram from London stating, on the authority of Edmund Gosse, that the English language was worn out. Coming at such a time, this news would have been about as severe a shock as the country could stand, but for one redeeming circumstance. Edmund Gosse is a literary man, and he only meant to speak from an aesthetic point of view. For practical purposes he seemed to think the language might do for a while yet, and he certainly finds strong corroboration in the fact that it has survived another electoral campaign on this side of the Atlantic.

Here is what he says: The poetry of the future "will be largely written in languages which have been subjected to less wear and tear—languages which have not so extensive and complicated a literature and in which simple things can still be said without affectation and without repetition."

And here is what we think of it: We think it is not the language, but Edmund Gosse and all the other library poets that are worn out. We think it is entirely true that great poetry will never be written by anyone who has spent his life burrowing in an extensive and complicated literature. It will never be written by anyone who has specialized in letters. It will be written by persons who are innocent of the smell of old books. Let Edmund Gosse burn up his library, and all the shelvings in his mind, and go down to the street, and out into the fields and quarries and among the ships and chimneys, the smoke and glory of living reality in his own time; let him learn to love that, and language only as it enriches that—then when he speaks of the poets of the future we will listen. For he will be a poet, and not merely a taster of the connotations and the music of ancient phrases. The poetry of England is wonderful, a treasure house, but those who live in that house will never add to its riches. Poets are lovers of the adventure of life. And the adventure of life is ever new, and words are as young as the minds that use them. In a continually unfolding world their flavors are continually altered and refreshed. Only in the musty chambers of a house of books does the language cease from change, or could it by any effort of a decadent imagination be conceived to be used up or worn by those who spoke it in the past.

IT is a well-known fact that Andrew Carnegie has a great deal of trouble getting rid of his money. It sticks to him like burrs to a cow's tail. It makes him uncomfortable all over. I wish we might do something to help him. The trouble seems to be that he lacks imagination. That is the trouble with most rich men. Either they were born rich, in which case they never grew up, or else they got rich, and in the process of getting, they dried up their imaginations.

Andrew has got so in the habit of taking money that when it comes to the reverse process he is just as awkward as if he never saw any. Did you ever notice those dime machines they have on the Fifth Avenue bus, how they reach right out and grab your money before it even touches the slot? Well, you can imagine how hard it would be to get a dime to go through one of these things in the opposite direction. And that's about the way it is with a millionaire. A millionaire with a genuine reverse action has yet to be discovered.

I believe it is over fifty years now that Andrew Carnegie has been grabbing money out of the purses of the wretched. It is a matter of public record that he has cleaned the change out of more pockets and the independence out of more hearts than almost any other antagonist of organized labor in this country. He's an automatic collector. Now, how can you expect a man like that to know how to give away money? You take an ordinary man—take yourself, for instance—when you've picked a nickel off the palm of a blind beggar in the church door, and gone home and got to feeling bad about it, you know perfectly well what to do. You take your hat and hurry over and put the

nickel back where you got it, with a half a dime added for the sake of salvation. It is not a difficult problem. But Andrew Carnegie has got so in the habit of picking up these nickels, that when he gets to feeling uncomfortable he doesn't know how to break himself of it. He hunts all round the house, and looks out of the window, and searches under the bed, trying to find a "worthy person." Of course it is really difficult to find a person worthy of having the tears of widows, and the blood and bones of dead children, bestowed upon him in the shape of legal tender, and if you refuse to look among the kinsmen of the departed, it is practically impossible. And so in a kind of despera-

tion Andrew picks out the ex-President. We mustn't laugh at him, and we mustn't allow the republic to feel insulted. We must understand that after all he didn't want to pension the ex-President; he didn't want to pension anybody; it was only the last resort of a man driven to distraction by his own bad habits. *He can't stop taking money*—that's the trouble with him. And how is he going to get rid of it? Something's got to be thought of, and an ex-President, take him all around, is not a bad receptacle for a little of the small change. He may not really be what you would call "worthy," but at least he has done all the harm he is ever going to do, and he isn't likely to take any action towards getting the money back to its original sources. I think it might be a good plan to pension the defeated candidates. They've had their day, too, and nothing to show for it but a bunch of newspaper clippings. Anyway, we mustn't judge millionaires the way we judge people who have an imagination. We must remember that we are not millionaires ourselves, and we don't know what it is to get so uncomfortable and have to go tearing round the premises looking for a "worthy person."

THE Socialist war congress spoke softly, but it carried a big stick. The stick that it carried was not altruism, it was not ethics, it was not super-normal idealism. The stick that it carried was the possibility of educating the self-interest of the working people, who do the shooting and the getting shot.

It is a nice thing when ladies and gentlemen of a peaceable disposition meet together and abjure the horrors of war. They do not do any harm. And when they invent tribunals and other devices to replace war after it is gone, they do a very real service. They make everything ready for the Power to arise that shall abolish it. The Power has arisen. The warlike have met together and abjured the horrors of war. The revolutionary proletariat has declared war against war, and their soft declaration is worth fifty million echoing resolutions of humanitarian societies, and all the peace bequests of all the tyrants that ever wore the mantle of philanthropy.

> "The time has passed when the working classes of the world should shoot down one another for the profit of capitalists, the pride of dynasties or the exigencies of secret treaties. If the governments suppress the possibility of evolution and force the proletariat to desperate measures, the responsibility for what happens will rest on the shoulders of the governments."

Remember these words, for they mark an epoch in the martial history of the world. During the last week of November, the International State, the congress of the working-classes of all countries, met in extraordinary session at Basel, Switzerland, in the face of a general military crisis, delivered this manifesto to their exploiters, the patriots of Europe. Behind this manifesto lies the power that is greater than nations, the power that created war and will destroy it—the will of the people to live.

OLD GLORY MUST NOT WORK

EVERY true patriot must have fairly kicked himself when he read in his morning newspaper the other day how the Board of Education in Orange, N. J., had beat him to it in the matter of preserving the dignity of Our Country's Flag. Little Star-Spangled Banners had been fixed to the fresh-air ducts into the schoolrooms. By their fluttering they showed the strength of the forced draft. They must all come down now. Pieces of silk of other coloring than red and white and blue, of other marking than stars and alternating stripes, must bear the shame and obloquy of indicating whether the children have oxygen enough.

Why, of course, of course! How stupid of us not to have seen that long ago! Oxygen is a food, as much a food as proteids or carbo-hydrates. To be a gauge of merely physical well-being, a tell-tale of suffocation or starvation—why, that's no job to put upon the Emblem of the Free.

Let there be no taint of usefulness in anything or any person we take off our hats to.

EUGENE WOOD.

A TALISMAN

FOR the union of high feeling with a perfect intellectual distinction, has anything been said in America to surpass the response of Eugene V. Debs to one who asked him for a "Sentiment on Social Reform"? Write it down in your hearts and remember it. You will never confuse reform with revolution again, you will never confuse benevolence with sympathy, you will never confuse Progressive with Socialist, you will never confuse welfare work with the militant spirit of democracy. This is the talisman that will clear your mind:

A Sentiment on Social Reform

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

While there is a lower class, I am in it. While there is a criminal element, I am of it. While there is a soul in jail, I am not free.

Drawn by H. J. Turner. THE VICTOR IN THE BALKANS.

NAMES

The price of milk went up one cent,
A penny more a quart,
And a rich man made through the summer months
Five thousand more than he ort.
He made five thousand more a year,
And they called him a "wonderful financier."
The babes in the slums went up to God—
5,000! It startled the nation.

The Charities puzzled, they wondered why,
And began an investigation
Of what caused the babies to wither and faint—
And they called the cause "the summer complaint."

Then the rich man gave 500 bucks,
500 bucks he gave,
To relieve the scourge of summer complaint,
And the babies' lives to save.
With 500 bucks he headed the list,
And they called him a "great philantropist."

MARY FIELD.

CIVILIZATION

THERE seems to be very little left of Turkey but the trot. As for the Balkan States, they have buried or put permanently to bed the most of their healthy male citizens—enough of these to start a new Montenegro, and start it better. We none of us know the other results of the war. Neither do we know its causes. These will probably appear clearly when the results are known.

Let us congratulate the umpires, however, upon the way they conducted the game.

The event was not in the hands of God for a single moment, and yet everybody seemed to get satisfaction all around. Turkey especially ought to be pleased at her escape from certain provinces where she was in danger of being civilized.

TOD O'SHEEL.

WHERE THE HEART IS

By John Reed

"TWO!" barks the giant in the aged dinner-coat, over your shoulders to the ticket window. He is grizzled and massive, with a face like a Roman senator; his hand closes belligerently over your tickets as he surveys you keenly to see if you're drunk. Then you push open the always-swinging, colored-glass doors, —and the lights and movement, the blatant dance-rhythm of the Haymarket hits you like a physical blow.

Bill the Bouncer, also informally dressed, leans against the brass rail that fences you off from the main floor, and grins at you like a prize fighter, if you know him; otherwise he takes your measure with a surly nod. Bill stands for the proprieties. Woe to the youthful collegian who bursts into song. Woe to the elderly rake whose manners are anything but conventional. Woe also to the dancer who frolics, or to the girl who dares to outrage decency by smoking cigarettes in public. The Haymarket is the most respectable place in town.

It is all too brightly lighted, reflections from mirrors along the wall; there is utterly unlimited crash from the brazen orchestra, metallic tones of conversations curiously off-key from the ordinary human voice, female figures in impossible caricatures of the extreme mode, men and women waltzing slowly on the crowded floor in every unnatural posture . . . round wooden tables everywhere, and the continuous stream of derby hats moving in and out of the place . . . As you stop and try to reduce these varied impressions to some sort of order, you will suddenly feel Eyes upon you,—notice that all over the hall, from tables right near the rail, from seats in the gallery, girls are watching steadily each new arrival: girls pretty, hideous, badly-dressed, gorgeously-dressed, but never poorly-dressed. They do not invite, those eyes, nor challenge, nor say evil things. They simply watch you steadily, hungrily, as a cat watches a mouse; and the effect is all the more startling because the atmosphere of the place speaks stridently of careless freedom,—fun. There is no freedom in most of the eyes. But as soon as you begin to sentimentalize about it, some devil-may-care, reckless-mouthed woman will sweep across the floor, insolently swinging her hips, or some little fiend with a demon blazing out of her eyes will laugh out,—and you'll realize life-force indomitable.

So I came into the Haymarket after many months. It was the same that it always had been. "Bill," I said, "it's good to see you." And it was. "Is Martha here?"

Bill nodded,—he is a man of few words,—and jerked a thumb toward the rear room. But even there,—a place of yellow play-bills and photographs of dead-and-gone burlesquers, and the inevitable tables, each with its girl,—I failed to find her. Of course she might have changed . . . I didn't go upstairs to the balcony, however, but went through one of the doors that give onto the dancing-floor, and sat at a table. A waiter came and I whispered to him. And a few moments later I saw a woman rise and move across the hall toward me. It was Martha, slender, dressed in a dark blue suit, with a dull yellow plume on her hat.

"Hello, dear," she said. That's the manner of greeting in the Haymarket. Then she gave me a small hand, smiled decorously, and sat down. I noticed that her hair was still soft and dark, her face oval and delicately colored, her eyes honest and unclouded.

We ordered beer.

"Why," she said suddenly, "I've seen you before—I know you . . ."

"Not for four years," I told her. "I knew you . . ."

"Oh, yes," her eyes lit up like an old friend's. "In the old days. May Munroe was here then, and Laura Chevalier and Babe Taylor. . . . All the old crowd. I guess I'm the only one left of the bunch."

"Tell me what you've been doing with yourself all this time."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Nothing much. Same . . . O, now wait! I guess I've been to Europe since I saw you last . . ."

"Europe!" I said wondering. She nodded, smiling, because she understood my circumscribed ideas. Why shouldn't she go to Europe? I couldn't have answered, but it came to me as a shock that a Haymarket girl should have rational human desires. The dancing had ended for the moment, and on the tawdry stage two men and a woman sang a song about the "Turkey Trot," yelling at the top of their voices and beating a drum and cymbals. The obvious, sordid chords of the music jarred fearfully with the mangled voices. The noise was deafening. The singers' bodies moved from the hips in nervous, grotesque rhythm. There was something brutally abandoned and not unpleasant about it,—something that chimed in with hard-eyed artificial women and mirrors. They sang "It's a bear! It's a bear! It's a bear!" . . .

"That certainly is a good song," murmured Martha, dreamy-eyed. "Well, about Europe—'D you ever go there?"

"Yes" I smiled, because I thought I knew what she would tell me of. "I suppose you saw the Moulin Rouge and the Abbaye . . . and the Globe in London . . ."

Martha leaned over, intensely interested. "You remember Windsor Castle? And Shakespeare's House at Stratford-on-Avon? An' the Tooleries Gardens in Paris? . . ."

"Do you?" I asked, rather sarcastically.

"You bet I do. And I won't get over it soon. You ought to 'a seen me trotting around with my little Baydicker—that's the guide-book, you know—you'd 'a laughed. . . . No, I didn't go around to many of the sporting places . . . Seen enough of that."

"Martha," said I, curious, "what made you go abroad?"

She frowned, thinking. "Well, I wanted to learn something. You know—or p'raps you don't—how you've got a lot of things in your head that you got out of school books when you was a kid; like the Tower of London, and the King of Germany. Well, p'raps you believe they're *there* all right, but you have to *see* 'em to know for sure. I guess that's why so many rich bugs go there . . ."

That wasn't why I had gone.

She went on, "I always saved my money. Don't know why, unless it was to buy a little cottage out in the country some day, and keep chickens . . . I'm going to do that when I get all in. Last spring I got to thinking . . . An' so one day I drew my money out of the bank an' bought a new suit an' took the *Lusitania*—first cabin. No, you can bet I'm no cheap skate. . . ."

"But surely you didn't have enough money——"

Martha laughed. "Only enough to get to London and stay there like a real tourist for a week. No, of course I didn't know what would happen to me after that. Just trusted to Gawd. . . . On the boat I met a nice couple of old boneheads . . . Preacher and his wife, I guess . . . and went down to London with 'em. Say, they were certainly good people . . . thought I was a college girl. I always dress quiet, you know. I like it. A girl who dresses loud is in bad from the start. We put up at the Waldorf in London—quiet an' respectable as hell—an' the three of us certainly did that town. London Bridge, Westminster, Crystal Palace; we laid out the burg in sections . . . Some tourists, believe me! . . . O, sure I went to the Alhambra and the Globe, when the Chaperonies were pounding their ear . . . but English girls are awful snobs."

She mused reminiscently. "I'll never forget that week . . . Good time? Say, I acted like a kid about two years old . . . Seein' all the things you'd heard about . . ."

Beyond us the band crashed into the braying "Gabby Glide." Bill the Bouncer leaned threateningly on the rail. I had once seen him drag a girl, who had stabbed a waiter with her hat-pin, across the floor and throw her bodily through the outer door. Right near us was a table at which sat a young, fresh girl timidly talking to a derby hat,—flushing and paling . . . A new one . . . The astounding grandeur of Martha's adventure struck me. Alone in London,—with money enough for a week,—*learning*.

"But what did you do——"

"I'm coming to that. One morning I woke up with seven shillings . . . An' that day a young American spoke to me when I was killing time in Hyde Park . . . I was getting sort of doped with London . . . So that night I kissed the old lady good night, went up to my room an' packed . . . We lit out at two in the morning . . . I've often wondered what she thought in the morning. So that's how I went to Paris. We certainly lived like two kings in the Grand Hotel. Say, did you ever sit on the sidewalk in front of one of those cafés about five o'clock, an' see the birds parade up and down? That for mine. You feel kind o' lazy . . . I bet I wore out three pair of shoes tramping through the Louvre, with a catalogue in my mitt. The fellow? O, he was all right. Bought me some nifty dresses—you've seen the black silk. Nothing flashy, though. Lots of American girls in Paris. . . . But it's not worth it, the life they have to live. I was in Paris two weeks, an' one day my friend beat it . . . I would 'a been on the street in another day if I hadn't run into the Englishman . . .

"He was about sixty years old an' had a stomach . . . His face looked like a walrus . . . But he certainly treated me white. We travelled up through Belgium and Holland; Brussels, the Hague, Ostend, then took a trip through Germany . . . I never missed a trick. Up at Waterloo I spent a

Drawing by Robert Henri *From the collection of John Sloan.*

Judging Art

whole day reading a history book. It seemed to me as if I was itching until I'd seen everything in the Baydicker—that's the guide-book. But after a while, when we got around to Strassburg, he began to get sore. 'Look here,' he says to me, 'chop the Cook's Towrist stuff, can't you?' So I simply cleared out one night and left him. I wasn't going to be anybody's dog, you bet. Just had money enough to get to Paris. . . . But I knew nothing could happen to me, with *my* luck. The very first night I went up on Monmarter an' ran into an American girl who let me sleep in her bed . . . All us American girls stick by each other, you know. Sure, I went into all of the joints. Monmarter is just like New York, except it isn't so *honest*, if you know what I mean. Well, say, of all the luck! The very next night in Pigalle's I danced with a man that looked like a half-coon, only he wasn't. Nobody is, over there. An' he gave me his card an' asked me to go to Brazil with him. The card had a little crown on it, an' 'Count Manuel da Portales.'

"I'd heard a lot about bogus counts and so forth putting one over on poor girls; so when I saw Mabel I showed her the card, and asked her if he was a fake. 'Go to it,' she says. 'Take a chance.' But even then I wasn't satisfied. I didn't get any sleep that night, you can believe *me*. Suppose he'd take me somewhere where I didn't know the language and nobody talked American, and leave me? But I trusted to Gawd and went. . . . It took us two weeks on the boat,—then Rio. I guess Rio's the most beautiful place in the world. I had a great time there. Every Friday night we'd go to the High-Life Club for dinner, an' Saturday after supper the whole town would put on costumes—fancy dress, you know,—and' ride up an' down in hacks . . . I stayed there four months.

"No, I wasn't very happy . . . You see, you get tired of wondering at things . . . Everything in foreign countries is so much finer than you ever thought it would be . . . Then you get excited when you see something that you've always heard about. It kind of gets on your nerves, and takes it out of you. I was going to stick around Rio for a year . . . but I didn't.

"I can remember just as plain . . . One night we came in rather tight after a big party at the club. Manuel dropped off to sleep, but I couldn't seem to close my eyes. It was in April, and the window was open, an' I could see straight up about a million miles in the sky. The stars are bear-cats down there. I don't know what got me to thinkin' about Broadway, but right off the bar I seemed to see it, wrigglin' and squirmin' with electric signs; with all the low-brows coming out of the moving pitcher shows, an' the shirt fronts comin' out of the theayter—the hurdy-gurdies playing that 'Irish Rag' —at that moment I was sick as a hound for old, honest, low-brow New York. You see, in foreign countries everybody is a high-brow. Then I saw the old Market, with all the girls sitting around, an' the beer-stains on the table, an' the Sweet Caporal cigarette smoke. About then all the college boys would be down for their vacation, an' of course come roaming into the Market. I began to feel real tender about Big Bill there. So I give Manuel a poke. 'What's a matter,' says he. 'I've got a cablegram from New York,' says I. 'It's very important. Coney Island will open on the first. When's the next boat?' I says. 'I'm going to breeze.'

"I will say the Count was O. K. He bought me a first cabin on the steamer, an' told me to come again next year. That trip up the coast was the best time I ever had in my life. I lived strictly alone, an' didn't allow a man on board to get fresh. Just read books; didn't talk to anyone; did a lot of thinking. I never was so happy.

"Well, from the first minute we began to see the old town loom up the bay I was so excited I couldn't talk. It hurt. I didn't wait for anything. When we landed I checked my stuff in the Erie Station and took a ferry. Then I took the El to Twenty-eighth Street and blew in here. The old gink outside says, 'Here, you can't walk in here without a ticket'— An' then he looked closer. 'Well, what the ——! Say, where have you been?' I couldn't answer him. I stood there like a deaf and dumb and blind bonehead—I was absolutely off my nut. An' then he held the door open an' I sort of *fell* inside. There was Bill, and behind him all the crowd was dancing, and the little tables * * * Home! That's what it was! Home! I heard the Big Fellow rumbling 'Martha! By God! The Female White Hope has come back!' O Gawd! You couldn't understand . . . I just fell on a table and bawled . . . Come on, let's dance."

Why Did

HE Do It?

CLASS STRUGGLE WITHIN THE WORKING CLASS

By

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

WE are beginning to realize that the forces of conservatism are composed as largely of the owners of "jobs" as of the owners of capital. The literature of Socialism and Unionism has shown the change for several years. Debs has repeatedly said that the older unions have their basis in the desire of their members to protect themselves and their jobs against the great mass of workers, and the I. W. W. declares that "the day of the skilled worker has passed." In proportion as the unskilled workers and machine operatives attempt, in industry after industry, to improve their lot, they find that these owners of jobs oppose them almost as bitterly as the capitalists do. The owners of jobs do not want to be thrown out of work for the benefit of another group of workers. And they want nothing to do with a unionism which preaches that the best labor union policy is to sacrifice the immediate present for the Socialist future that lies (we confess it) a few years ahead.

For many years revolutionary unionists and Socialists have realized the conservative position taken by the "aristocracy of labor," both in politics and labor union matters, but they have not always realized that this may be a *permanent and fundamental* characteristic of all skilled labor, although Debs has said that only electric locomotives, in replacing the steam engineer by a motorman, would teach the engineer the lesson of Socialism and Industrialism—which means that the skilled worker could only learn this lesson by ceasing to be a skilled worker (steam engineer) and becoming a machine operative (motorman).

We Socialists have been led on by an ultra-optimistic faith that all employees *ought naturally to act together when guided by an enlightened self-interest.* This older Socialist and labor union view, which we may call "Laborism," based all its hopes on the possibility of the common action of all employees, and so blinded its followers for a while to the true bearing of the most obvious facts, even when they saw those facts and admitted them. Now comes Industrialism and points to the lesson of recent experience, which teaches that the ownership of a privileged position, due to an exceptional education or training, acts precisely like the ownership of capital.

The new revolutionary labor union movement has been called "Industrial Socialism," and represented as an extension of political Socialism into the field of labor union action. It has also been viewed as an extension of labor union action from the every-day struggle about wages into the field of revolutionary Socialism. But no combination of Socialism and labor unionism, however revolutionary, can account for it. It has incorporated many Socialist and labor union principles and methods, but at the same time it marks a complete and revolutionary departure. For, as a matter of fact, it is based not upon all working people, including the aristocracy of labor, but upon all working people, excluding the aristocracy of labor. The skilled workers are invited to come in, of course, as they can be of no little use in times of strike, but like capitalists asked into the Socialist party, they are invited to take back seats—and it is not expected in either case that many will accept the invitation. In this respect revolutionary unionism differs absolutely from the political movement (the older Socialism) or the economic movement (the old labor unionism), which represent skilled and unskilled labor alike, but *as a matter of fact* give the skilled workers, though they are so much weaker in numbers, a weight equal to or greater than that of the unskilled.

The new unionism for the first time introduces democracy into the labor movement; for the organization of the skilled and unskilled into a single industrial union means that everything is placed absolutely in the hands of the unskilled majority. And as democracy is taken seriously by the workers, this means the gradual annihilation of all the advantages of the skilled, which explains sufficiently why they refuse every invitation to affiliate with the new organization. Our Socialist philosophy teaches us that most of us would be equally backward if we were skilled workers, but it also teaches us that it is idle to expect them to do anything else.

Until the new organization was formed the only hope of unskilled labor to win strikes lay in securing the cooperation of the skilled. And many industrialists still hope that the skilled may be persuaded or forced to cooperate with their unions. But they now begin to realize that where this is impossible they must proceed without the skilled and *if necessary* even *against* them. In this case we shall have a labor union movement directed in part against the unions of certain groups of skilled workers.

Similarly Karl Marx and his successors hoped to make up their revolutionary political majority only with the aid of both the skilled and unskilled workingmen. But if the skilled manual laborers either form anti-revolutionary Labor Parties of the British or Australian type, or come into the Socialist Party as an anti-revolutionary element, the Marxists will have to make good the loss elsewhere, as by recruiting among the brain-workers and professional classes. In this case we shall have a Socialist movement directed against the political organizations the skilled workers control.

I have used the expressions "skilled" and "unskilled" because these are the terms employed by Socialists and labor unionists. But this classification of the workers is insufficient and does not allow the whole situation to be seen. Both the terms were handed down to us from the days of the craftsmen and craft unions, when all the rest of the workers were either apprentices, helpers, or common laborers such as porters, dockers, hod-carriers, ditch-diggers, etc. But ever since railways and steamships began to bring the factory system into its present dominating position a middle group of workers, chiefly factory and mill employees, has been growing in importance until it overshadows both the extremes. The majority of these *machine operatives* are not exactly skilled, because it requires a very short time to learn their work. Neither are they common laborers, because they become gradually more and more specialized with time. It is not mere muscle that is required, but speed, accuracy, endurance and reliability. As these qualities are all *gradually* acquired, this kind of "skill," if we continue to use that word, does not divide the workers into any hard and fast groups.

In times of strike the machine operatives in factory, mill, and mine are not so easily replaced by workers from other industries as entirely unskilled or common laborers would be. When the *unskilled* are unionized they cannot hope to win their strikes, as a rule, without the aid either of other unions or of the government—as we saw in the recent dock strike in Great Britain. When *operatives* are thoroughly organized they can win even against the opposition of the skilled workers, as at Lawrence, and the only way the employer can hope to beat them is to arouse the whole capitalist class by the fear of lawlessness, disorder, or rebellion, and then to call on the government and courts to take his side and suppress the strike.

Politically the *unskilled* are exceedingly weak. It is different with the *operatives,* who must be influential in many localities—until the central government or higher courts interfere. As the unskilled workers and operatives, satisfied that they will be opposed by the aristocracy of labor until the very day of the great change is at hand, cannot hope to become a national majority alone, they will have to seek for other allies until this day arrives—and they will find them in those elements of the salaried and professional classes which

everywhere make up a large and revolutionary element of the Socialist parties.

They will need this aid not only politically, but also in strikes and in the final revolution. For in order to win strikes they will have to win a part of the public, enough somewhat to check governmental interference. And to do this they will have to wage their war not against the employers of one industry, but against the united employers and capitalists of all industries. For wages must be increased at the expense of profits — which evidently spells class war. Otherwise increases of wages are only an illusion and not real, every rise of wages being accompanied by a more than corresponding rise of prices—as in the British seamen's and railway men's strikes and the coal strike in this country. And this raises the cost of living not only for the union workers themselves, but also for their natural allies, who, having less opportunity to strike, have less means than the manual workers of increasing their incomes. These allies are naturally alienated by this, and cannot be won back until the workers' struggle for higher *money* wages is accompanied by an equally vigorous and successful struggle for higher *real* wages, *i. e.*, for higher wages and lower prices all along the line. Until this policy is followed, the capitalists, by making concessions to skilled labor and by turning the rest of the unionized manual workers and intellectual workers against one another, will be able to prevent either economic or political advance of the masses.

Industrialism as a movement of non-privileged labor, *i. e.*, of unskilled labor *and* machine operatives, will ally itself not with privileged labor, but with the non-privileged *of all classes*, and Socialism will do the same thing. The class struggle will continue, but with a new alignment. On the one side will be all the non-privileged, the low paid manual and brain workers, whether employed by capitalists or governments, the small farmers who do their own labor and expect to continue to do it. On the other hand will be not only the capitalists, but also the majority of those possessing an exceptional skill, an exceptional education, or a favored position of any kind. It will no longer be a struggle between Capital and Labor, even though the larger number of capitalists may still be on the one side and the larger number of laborers on the other.

This will mean a complete revolution both in Socialism and labor unionism. Marx wanted a clear line of demarcation between those classes which, acting on the customary selfish motives, would defend existing institutions and the existing society, and those which would stand for Socialism, and for reasons of enlightened selfishness be ready to make the sacrifices necessary to bring it about. The division between rich and poor, privileged and non-privileged, Marx felt, was not sufficiently sharp for the purpose of agitation and education. He therefore selected the clash of interest between employer and employee as his dividing principle

It seems possible now that the theories of half a century may have to be abandoned. The masses are coming to understand that they will never be able to rely, either in elections or in strikes, on the support of all classes of workingmen, and certainly not on that of the aristocracy of labor. The larger number of manual employees will evidently hold together, but a very considerable minority will almost certainly continue for many years, and probably until the next revolution approaches, to act with the ruling and exploiting class.

The whole philosophy that has hitherto underlain Socialism, together with its political and labor union tactics, is being completely revolutionized, then, by the fact that the owner of the job has become the enemy, as much as the owner of capital or the employer of labor. But the reinvigorated political and labor union movement that has arisen in conscious opposition to this aristocracy of labor, is preserving every practical and revolutionary Marxian principle. There can be little question that with these changes we are entering into a new epoch, or that the struggles that lie immediately before us will entirely eclipse those of the past—in magnitude, intensity, and significance for the revolution that is to come.

IT'S LOADED!

By Bolton Hall

VOTES for Wimmin, is it, Barney? That remoinds me of Jimmy O'Brine. Jimmy was only a recruity, but he was a foine young man, rest his sowl, only he always wanted to thry things out for hissilf. Well, we had one of thim big cannons at Fort Platte that come from the Mexican war, an' the Commandant always kep' it loaded against the Japs might attack us. So whin his nibs wint down to Cody to inspict the licker that we was civilizin' the Injins wit', Jimmy thinks it's his chanct to foire off the cannon for hissilf.

He knowed well enough that if the ball was missin' there'd be a investigashin an' he'd be the culprit—when the commandant sobered up. So Jimmy put the commandher over Pat Malone to touch off the cannon fur him, an' he gets a big pot and prisses his stummick over the muzzle of the old gun.

"Foire aisy, Pat," he says—and Pat foired. . . .

Ye think the wimmin'll foire aisy an' vote about nawthing but skule boords an' moving picturs and let the tariff on undherclothes and thim other thrusts alone?

Well, we didn't have no cor'ner's inquist, bekase we c'uldn't find Jimmy, and if ye onct start thim wimmin votin', ye'll nivir foind another of thim darlin' gurls that works betther nor a slave and wants no pay fur hersilf exceptin' to be called Mrs. Barney. Barney, me bye, it'll break up the fam'ly, fur the wimmin'll be pertectin' theirsilfs and the Amerikin labor that works in the kitchen.

Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"I ALWAYS TAKE THE ELEVATED INSTEAD OF THE SUBWAY."
"DO YOU? WHY?"
"WELL, I LIKE THEIR CHEWING-GUM BETTER."

THE JOYFUL CHRISTMAS TIME

NOW is the time when papers fill the editorial page with advice to shoppers. "Go early," they say; "consider clerks."

This began a generation ago, and will doubtless last for generations to come—most likely as long as our foolish gift-buying and -giving practice continues. Just so long also we will be preached to—or at—on "the Christmas spirit," the proper way to give, and feel about the giving. As long as there are poor in the world, just so long will Christmas be a sort of winter Mardi-gras—a time for masquerading, a time to try and pretend we are all brothers, while we know that the day after, the old order of things is renewed.

For one day in the year, the average man or woman acknowledges that to some extent he is his "brother's keeper." The rest of the time the idea seems to strike him as humorous and vague.

At Christmas no one who will beg need go hungry, no one who is ragged need go cold, for there are societies without number, connected with churches beyond counting, each with a coterie of well-dressed, well-fed, well-housed women, in councils and cliques, smiling and agreeable, handing out to sunken-eyed, sharp-featured, heavy-hearted bodies, baskets filled with luxurious sustenance for a day. For two or three days before Christmas, women in raiment that a Solomon's wife might have envied, touch hands with those of bedraggled skirts, grotesque hats, and rusty capes. A hand white and jewel-bedecked, reaches out a basket to a hand where knotted veins stand out in bas-relief upon a red and grimy skin—a hand that from its lack of beauty might be a replica of the hand of some ancestor in the stone age, when man fought against man, and the stronger took the spoils. Sinews may have counted in the time when man ate his animals raw; but now the harder the hand works, the less it grasps of earthly treasures.

For one day in the whole long three hundred and sixty-five these hands meet. Similar food fills exactly the same kind of stomach. Wealth smiles blandly, pats itself upon the back, and poverty crawls back into its hole.

The much talked of Christmas spirit has gone forth, telling Success it must help Failure, teaching opportunity to smile benignly upon the lack of it, working, and overworking, its millions of men, women and children.

Ill-fed, ill-kempt, and ill-clad boys and girls work days, and sometimes nights, for weeks and sometimes months, making cheap fancy boxes, which are later filled with cheap fancy candy, and given to them from some Christmas tree! It is all a game of give and take. Give something you can ill afford, get something you don't want. If the motive behind all this ridiculous celebrating were not partly good, it would be a crime whose effects were past computation, because for every little touch of good, real good and real, true benefit, there is an endless chain of evil. In Christmas celebration maudlin sentiment has done more to swaddle common sense, than it has ever done in any other matter—and it has had its sickly hand in many ills.

The joyful Christmastide! What do the poor get, and what do they give in return? The hard working poor, the clerks, the packers, the drivers, get nothing that they have not a thousand times earned. The destitute poor, the shiftless, the incapable poor, get a basket of food, the materials of which they can prepare for a day's feast. They give—why, they give to the rich a healing balm for an accusing conscience that lasts for the greater part of the three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. And no pharmacist in the whole wide world, with pestle and mortar, could make up in so short a time, or with so few ingredients, or with such infinitesimal cost, such a wondrous healing balm as the repeated thanks of that line of wretched beings with the seamed and grimy hands taking charity for a day's feast. They give—these heavy-hearted beings with the dragging feet and the shamefaced smiles—they give the last faint ray of self-respect. They throw upon the gaming table of life the last poor card of hope, and barter for a mess of potage the pride that was their only stay in life.

ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT.

Drawn by Art Young.

YOUNG WIFE: YES, WE'VE BEEN MARRIED ALMOST FIVE YEARS, AND WE NEVER HAD A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION!
SUFFRAGE LECTURER: WHICH ONE IS THE FOOL?

"A MISTAKE FULL OF DANGER"

says the New York *Times*, and proceeds

"With the acquittal of Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso there comes also a conviction—not of these men, but of those who from the very beginning of the labor troubles at Lawrence, in what seems to have been a sort of madness, have made mistake after mistake, the natural and inevitable effect of which has been to win sympathy for and to strengthen the anti-social element there and throughout the country.

"The maintenance of intolerable working conditions, the 'planting' of dynamite in the houses of the mill hands, the efforts to prevent the sending away of the strikers' children—these were a few of the errors that culminated in bringing an accusation of murder that was a shock to reason and common sense and could have been sustained by no jury not destitute of both."

Mistakes will happen, of course, but an error like putting dynamite in somebody else's residence does seem surprising in a gentleman. It is hard to imagine a man of Mr. Wood's social standing, stooping to anything so erroneous. No wonder the *Times* ventures to reprove him a little.

"William, did you leave that six-pound petard under the cradle in Mrs. Zabriski's back parlor? That was really a mistake. You ought to know where such things belong. Your motive, of course, was 'social' enough, but don't you see how you are going to strengthen the 'anti-social' element among the Zabriskis? For one thing, suppose that petard should go off in the night, how do you suppose the Zabriski baby is going to feel towards society? Can't you see what an error that would be?"

Yes, there is no doubt that mistakes were made at Lawrence. Take that error of tearing children from the arms of their parents, beating them, and locking them up in jail for instance. Now, that was exceedingly indelicate, and even injudicious, upon the part of the "social element." Of course, the motive again was social enough, but the measure was plainly a mistake. It hardly ever happens that you can impart social consciousness to a mother by sandbagging her and kidnapping her child. On the contrary, she is almost sure to feel vexed over it.

As for depreving two innocent men of their liberty for ten months, and robbing the poor of many thousands of dollars for their defense, and all on a charge that is "a shock to reason and common sense," that, too, was probably a slight error. The motive, of course, was social, but there again we fear the step taken will only serve to strengthen the "anti-social element."" Somehow you cannot compel people to be "social" by locking them up in jail and stealing their friends' money. People are stubborn and contrary, especially these anti-social elements, and they just simply refuse to be socialized in this way. The *Times* is right. But, of course, mistakes will happen in the best of families. And we mustn't forget that that was just where these things did happen—in the best families of Boston. It hardly becomes us to criticise.

MINERVA MOSES.

THE BUM

By ARTURO M. GIOVANNITTI

THE dust of thousand roads, the grease
And grime of slums, were on his face;
The fangs of hunger and disease
Upon his throat had left their trace;
The smell of death was in his breath,
But in his eye no resting-place.

Along the gutters, shapeless, ragged,
With drooping head and bleeding feet,
Throughout the Christmas night he dragged
His care, his woe, and his defeat;
Till gasping hard with face downward
He fell upon the trafficked street.

The midnight revelry aloud
Cried out its glut of wine and lust;
The happy, clean, indifferent crowd
Passed him in anger and disgust;
For—fit or rum—he was a bum,
And if he died 'twas nothing lost.

The tramp, the thief, the destitute,
The beggar, each withdrew his eye;
E'en she the bartered prostitute,
Held close her skirts and passed him by;
For, drunk or dead, the street's the bed
Where dogs and bums must sleep and die.

So all went on to their debauch,
Parade of ghosts in weird array.
Only a tramp dog did approach
That mass of horror and decay—
It sniffed him out with its black snout,
Then turned about and limped away.

And there he lay, a thing of dread,
A loathsome thing for man and beast;
None put a stone beneath his head,
Or wet his lips, or rubbed his wrist,
And none drew near to help or cheer—
Save a policeman and a priest.

Yet neither heard his piteous wail,
And neither knelt by where he fell.
The man in blue spoke of the jail,
Until he heard his rattle tell,
And hearing that, he motioned at
The man in black to speak of hell.

To speak of hell, lest he should hope
For peace, for rest untroubled, deep,
Where he no more need roam and grope
Through dark, foul lanes to beg and weep,
Where in the vast warm earth at last
He'd find a resting place to sleep.

To sleep—not standing tired and sick
By grimy walls and cold lamp poles,
Nor crouched in fear of the night stick,
To beat his sore and swollen soles,
Nor see the flares of green nightmares
And ghastly dawns through black rat holes;

To sleep beneath the green, warm earth
As in a sacred mother's womb,
And wait the call of a new birth,
When his dead life again shall bloom—
For it shall pass into the grass;
The lamb will graze upon his tomb.

Not he, not he shall think of this,
Not he the wretched, the down trod;
Beyond the club of the police
Shall reach the ruthless hand of God,
For like a ghoul the rich man's rule
Will seek him out beneath the sod.

He must know hell, lest he should guess
That all his weary tramp is o'er—
A hell of hunger and distress
Where he, cold, naked and footsore,
Alone and ill, must wander still
Through endless roads forevermore.

Nay, nay, my brother, 'tis a lie!
Just like their Christ, their love, their law!
They brewed a wolfish fiend on high,
Just like their hearts perverse and raw,
To damn or save the dying slave,
So those who live should serve in awe.

So that in trembling fear they'd hold
Upon their necks their masters' sway,
So that they'd guard their masters' gold
And starve and freeze and still obey,
So when for greed they toil and bleed,
Instead of rising they should pray.

That's why they come to huts and slums!
'Tis not to soothe or to console,
But just to stay the hungry bums
With this black terror of the soul,
And bend and blight with chains of fright
What chains of steel could not control.

And yet, and yet the thunderbolt
Shall fall some day they fear the least,
When flesh and sinews shall revolt
And she, the mob, the fiend, the beast,
Unchained, awake, shall turn and break
The bloody tables of their feast.

But you, my brother, will be dead,
And none will think of you for aye!
Still by your spirit I'll be led,
If like their cattle you'll not die,
If you'll but show before you go
That mine can be your battle cry!

Aye, brother, death all woes relieves—
Yet this low world that well you knew,
This Christian world of sainted thieves
And fat apostles of virtue,
This world of brutes and prostitutes,
Must see its end revealed by you!

Rise then! Your rags, your bleeding shirt,
Tear from your crushed and trampled chest,
Fling in its face its own vile dirt,
Your scorn and hate to manifest,
And in its gray cold eyes of prey
Spit out your life and your protest!

Salem Jail, Nov. 20, 1912.

THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

REWARDS

AFTER all the crowd was assembled the King himself appeared.

"Here, John Smith," he said, "take this ribbon, the emblem which proclaims you a member of our highest nobility. You have worked long years at an ill-paid, dangerous job and now you come into your own. Henceforth you need work only as you please and you shall receive a pension.

"As for you, Baron de Snicklefritz, you have lived an idle life long enough. Like myself, you shall go to work to-morrow at some useful task. There shall be no more kings or wealthy people. We shall all be fellow-workers, equally noble and equally comrades."

But this was too much for the honest, conservative workers.

"What!" they said. "Destroy our kingdom! Turn over the country to a lot of rapscallions! We can't stand for this!"

And led by honest John Smith they hanged His Majesty to the nearest hook in the palace and allowed the Baron de Snicklefritz to proclaim himself king.

And there was great rejoicing among all the people.

Moral: There's no use opening the gate till you get the procession lined up and ready to go through.

THE TARGET

AFTER the assassination three men met.

"We must abolish the pistol," said the First. "We must close down every pistol manufactory and make it a penal offence to produce the vile things."

"No," said the Second, "we must abolish the men who look as though they might fire pistols. A stronger police force, more prisons, stricter laws and judges."

"But," interposed the Third gently, "why not abolish the conditions that make pistol manufacturing a necessary and profitable business and that makes pistol firers out of those who might be good citizens?"

"Never," said the First Two firmly, "never—for your plan is nothing less than anarchy."

BLUE BLOOD

"REMEMBER," said the haughty First Gentleman in Waiting, "the drop of blood that you are about to examine is Royal Blood."

"Have no fear," returned the Great Physiologist, "I have taken every precaution, and unless it is worse than usual I don't believe I shall catch anything."

EASY MONEY

"BUT," complained the spokesman for the strikers, "before you were elected you told us that we were in the right and that you would work for us. To-day you supported a bill that favors the conditions we are striking against."

"Quite so," said Congressman Newlyin, "quite so. You must understand that while I said you were in the right, at no time did I say you were wholly in the right. Everybody is partly in the right and partly in the wrong. I have said you were in the right, and you are, but we must not act too hastily. The Star Spangled Banner! America Forever! Liberty or Death! The Dollar and the Man! I thank you, my friends, and I assure you that during the entire session my one thought will be your welfare."

"I dunno," said the puzzled spokesman afterward. "I don't exactly understand, but it was awful clear when he explained it. I guess we ought to vote for him once more, anyhow, and give him another chance."

SONG SENSE

"Blood!
"Blood is what delights me.
"Blood of women,
"Blood of children,
"Blood of old men,
"Blood of fledglings!
"Blood always—always for me;
"Spotting my shining sides—staining my emblems!"

"Ah," said the friend, "so you are writing another Song of the Sword?"

"Not at all," said the Poet; "I am writing the Song of the Dollar."

THE BREAKING POINT

HE delivered the opinion with great solemnity.

"The strike-breaker," he said, "is a natural right. He is a good citizen, striving for the benefit of all. To deprive us of the strike-breaker would be to work untold harm to all of us Christian gentlemen into whose hands God has committed the coal mines of the country."

Then Mr. Grubitup stopped.

But the strike among the coal miners did not stop.

Finally the shortage of coal reached such alarming proportions that the Government decided to take a hand in the fray.

Accordingly the Government broke the strike.

It broke the strike by taking over the operation of the mines and paying the miners what they demanded.

"But," shrieked Mr. Grubitup, "you have no right to do this."

"Tut, tut!" said the Government blandly; "didn't you say a couple of weeks ago that the strike-breaker was a necessity?"

"I did," wailed the Great Operator; "but, great guns, can't you take a joke?"

RIGHTO

WHEN Mr. Getthere as a young man started his business, he said, "I believe in competition. Competition is the life of trade."

After Mr. Getthere as a middle-aged man had established his business and his business connections, he added: "Of course, unrestricted, cut-throat competition is bad. We must compete sanely."

By the time old Mr. Getthere had cornered all the business in his line he announced: "The age of competition is past. To-day is the day of monopoly—benevolent monopoly, but monopoly."

And each time Mr. Getthere honestly thought that his conclusions were the products of a well-oiled, abstract reasoning-machine.

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(3) Decrease in the number of good trout streams.

We Point with Pride:

(1) To Our Broad Beyootiful Land.

(2) To Ourselves.

(3) To the North Pole.

(4) To the Crops.

(5) To George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

We Pledge Our Every Effort to Encourage:

(1) Early Rising.

(2) Fly Swatting.

(3) Tatting and Other Innocent Merriment in the Country Districts.

We Pledge Our Every Effort to Suppress:

(1) Hot Weather.

(2) Fratricide

(3) Smoking at the Table During Meals.

Voters, unite; you have nothing to lose but your prejudices; almost everything else in sight we've got cornered.

AT IT AGAIN, ME BRAVE BOYS

"THE back of me hand and the sole of me foot to you," said the sturdy South-of-Irelander, doubling the fist at the end of his ragged sleeve.

"Remember Boyne Water!" taunted the equally out-at-elbows Orangeman.

Mr. Fatchops smiled benignly.

"How much finer it is," he said, "to see these strapping lads fighting instead of rubbing noses in some rascally labor union."

Drawn by Alice Beach Winter.

"He ain't got no stockin's, he's poorer nor me."

RAISIN' HELL IN SCHOOL

THIS is the only phrase that describes the convention of the American Federation of Labor as seen from the gallery. When one of the good boys intimated that Johnnie Walker, one of the bad boys, was "advocating Free Love and Fletcherism," and Johnnie got up and started for him, and Gompers ordered Johnnie to "return to his seat at once," screaming and waving something in the nature of a ruler at Johnnie—the situation was one to compel reminiscence. How dear to our heart are the scenes of our childhood! And what a good time the gallery had at that convention!

The resemblance of Gompers to a schoolma'am is not only physical, but there is the same manner, after the delegates get through reciting their lessons, of telling them whether they were right or wrong. There is the same sacrifice of the true aims of the institution to the necessity of maintaining school discipline and the authority of the teacher at every turn.

This year about seventy-odd delegates decided to graduate. You would say there were only six or seven, if you listened or looked on from the gallery. But down on the floor of the house there was a silence in certain quarters more significant than oratory. Twenty-eight or nine Socialists only a year ago—seventy-two voting solid this year! That was the basis of the rebellion. That was the fact that gave a sting to everything the rebels said—a fact of far more importance to pure Socialism than the doubling of the national vote, for it proved that the national vote was a vote of the working-class.

Joseph Cannon, of the Western Federation of Miners; Frank Hayes, John Walker, Duncan MacDonald, of the United Mine Workers; J. Mahlon Barnes, of the Cigar Makers; Max Hayes, of the Typographical Union; Fred Wheeler, of the Carpenters, and George L. Berry, of the Printing Pressmen, were the floor leaders of the rebellion. They were the boys that threw the chalk. And with the exception of John P. White, of the Mine Workers, and Andrew Furuseth, of the Seamen's Union, they absolutely dominated the convention from the standpoint of personality.

Andrew Furusth is a man of intellect, who commands the respect of everybody. But his intellect gets in his way. He will analyze the commercial and legal situation of the whole country and tell you just what kind of a law ought to be passed in defense of the trade unions and how it ought to be worded, when the question under debate is *what shall we do to get such a law passed?* John P. White, besides being the president of the biggest union in the country, is a big man, a powerful man. He doesn't have to talk.

Besides these two, nobody on the floor or platform of the convention measured up half-way in brains or personality to the fighting Socialist delegates. This was the unanimous opinion of the gallery.

Joseph Cannon is a strong man, thick in the chest, with the health and complexion of youth, and hair turning gray early. His speech on Industrial Unionism was the best speech heard in the convention. It was a speech which compelled his opponents to ask intelligent questions. And when feeling is hot and lines drawn sharp, that is a high tribute to a speech.

"The new ideas are going to prevail either in this organization or outside of it."

"There are 30,000,000 industrial workers in this country and only 2,000,000 of them are organized, and most of them *cannot be* organized except industrially."

FASHIONS

Drawn by H. J. Turner.

"NOW YOU GOT TO QUIT YOUR KICKIN'!"

"There are altogether too many officers in the American Federation of Labor for the number of men organized."

"All the opposition to the A. F. of L. in this country has the unskilled workers as its backbone."

These were some of the things he said. And then Gompers tightened up his spectacles and started in to annihilate him with about forty-five minutes of oratorical denunciation. "Where were you"—this was his peroration—"Where were you, Socialists, six years ago when the Federation of Labor was holding protest meetings, and arousing public opinion all over the country in favor of the Danbury hatters? Where were you?"

"I'll tell you where we were," shouted Cannon, pulling a stamped union card out of his pocket. "We were contributing 25 cents apiece, every member of the Western Federation of Miners, to pay for the defense of the Danbury Hatters. We were delivering money, not hot air! That's where we were!"

"I'll tell you where I was," said Max Hayes. "I was stumping New York, making four speeches every night for two weeks, to raise money for the Danbury hatters. That's where I was!"

Gompers had only meant to ask this question in a rhetorical way—and those answers sort of knocked the peroration right out of his mouth. They made him mad. He couldn't think of anything to say, and in the effort to say nothing loud enough to make up for the deficiency he succeeded in planting his fist square into the middle of the water-pitcher, and precipitating a general scramble among the officers on the platform. It was a good thing for him. It stopped him.

After all, nothing was said in the fight over Industrial Unionism half so important as the fact that the fight was on, and the Socialists held the coming side of the fight. They held it so strong that *industrial* was assumed by almost every man in the convention to mean *Socialist* unionism. The industrial undoubtedly is the revolutionary form of union—both because it matches among the workers the organization of capital, thus promoting the class struggle as a whole, and also because it is the only form of unionism that gives regard to the unskilled worker. But the industrial union could easily be defended upon opportunistic and non-revolutionary grounds, as it was in fact by John Mitchell. Therefore it is a matter of special satisfaction that the Socialist delegates made this idea their own at the start. The vote on Industrial Unionism and the vote for President of the federation were almost the same. It was essentially the Socialists representing progressive unionism, against the non-Socialists representing the past.

The same line was drawn in the debate on Barnes' resolution that the Federation stand behind the Danbury hatters for all damages and expenses of litigation. There again dynamic Socialism—class solidarity in action—was the issue, and the rebels never let it be forgotten for a minute.

There is high hope in the spirit of those delegates, and the men they represent. Whether the Federation will disintegrate and give place to new revolutionary organizations, or whether upon the defeat of Gompers—"der present incomp'ent," as a German delegate called him—it will renew itself under a real leader, is a question not yet to answer. But as Cannon says, the new ideas are going to prevail either in this organization or outside of it. And if they prevail outside of it, they will take out with them the fighting strength of the Federaion. An old carcass of rotten politics and officialdom will be all there is left of the American Federation of Labor in about three years if it sticks to its present policies.

With the growth of capitalism and class division in America, these policies have become almost wholly

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hypocritical. Its officers are forever engaged in keeping up a stale pretense. Take this as an example: The Executive Council introduced a report demanding, as "the paramount legislative issue," that the Sherman Anti-Trust law be amended so as not to apply to trade unions. They did this because D. E. Lowe & Company have been awarded $240,000 damages and costs in their suit against the Danbury Hatters as illegal combinations in restraint of trade. The contention of the Federation is that combinations of labor are essentially different from combinations of captal, the sale of labor is different from the sale of goods. They want this established in law. That is to say, they want class-legislation, and they are fighting for class-legislation with the full power of their organization. Every word said by Samuel Gompers or any of his men in support of this report was an endorsement of the class struggle.

And how do you suppose they avoid acknowledging this? How do they ask for class-legislation without saying so? They do it by insisting that labor unions are "humanitarian" organizations, and trusts are not. That is, when capitalists combine to increase their income, it is a manifestaton of self-interest. But when workers combine to increase their income it is purely disinterested. They are concerned over the uplift of the human species. It is by this rotten piece of hypocritical sophistry, and by this alone, that Gompers and his men cloud the brains of the workers and deceive the public into thinking they are not engaged in a drawn conflict with capital for the profits of industry. The main difference between Socialist and Non-Socialist in the trade-unions is revealed there.

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